

CHRISTMAS ECHOES



WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

It's a heart of love wide open
It's a Spirit of goodwill,
It's a warm and friendly fireplace
And a snow-wrapped windowsill.

It's the laughter of gay children,
It is home . . . an open door,
It is joy, peace and contentment,
Yes, it's all this . . . and more!

Mountain

The Mountain Echoes is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries Mr. A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmates and public.

Subscription rates are \$1.00 per year. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, 1951.

Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittance to: MOUNTAIN ECHOES,

C/O THE WARDEN,

BOX 101,

STONY MOUNTAIN, MAN.

Editor

Compositors

Layout and Pressman

comprise Inmate Staff

ADMINISTRATION

F. S. HARRIS..... WARDEN

J.A.deVARENNES..D/WARDEN

S. SCRUTTON.....A/W(A&O)

R. THOMPSON.....A/W(S&S)

G. TEGMAN.....A/D/W(IT)

B.THORGRIMSON

LIAISON OFFICER

Echoes

CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

Warden 3

R. C. Chaplain 4

Prot. Chaplain 5

Exchange Greetings Center

FEATURE ARTICLE

Decade of Reprints

1955 — 1965 7 — 20

CURRENT EVENTS

Santa the Reformist

(Fiction) R. Cochrane 21

Hi — Lites 22

Christmas Night F.O.R.D. 6



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Administration or the Echoes Staff.

The Warden's Christmas Message

H. S. Harris



May I, on behalf of the Officers and Staff at Manitoba Penitentiary, extend to the Inmate population, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We hope the New Year will fullfill your fondest hopes and aspirations. It is is hoped that the few extras which we have been able to provide, and activities planned for you will help brighten Christmas Day, and will encourage amongst you the true spirit of Christmas, that of good will towards all.

It is also our hope that in the New Year you will find satisfaction in in preparing yourself for the time - whenever it might come - when you are reunited with your friends and loved ones.



GREETINGS

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

In his famous poem "Christmas and New Year Bells", Alfred Tennyson reflects the real spirit of Christmas:

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Christmas is the time when open-hearted kindness is more in evidence, when generosity to one another comes alive again. This means that the light in Christ shines out brightly, dispelling the darkness. Our world will be a better place to live in when this same spirit prevails throughout the whole year.

May Christ's birthday 1965 bring everyone much joy and peace with a better feeling towards our fellow man - "The larger heart, the kindlier hand."



WISE MEN AND THEIR GIFTS

PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN

When the Wise Men found the Christ Child they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh-- tangible tokens of regard for him who was destined to become the Prince of Peace. Gold was for basic needs-- food, clothing, shelter. We can present something more wonderful than gold to Christ,--a surrendered will, loving and forgiving spirit, and a life dedicated to the truths he taught.

Frankincense, used in ancient worship and sacrifice, was to be a tribute to his divinity. Anyone who comes to worship Christ is a wise man. He too, has come from a distant land of sin and wrong to find peace for his soul.

Myrrh was a costly aromatic gum used in embalming the dead. This was a testimony to the new King's mortality. Three significant gifts were presented to the mortality which had achieved divinity.

We are not saints, but by a surrendered will, a loving and forgiving spirit, and fidelity to the truth, we can attain a measure of divinity. We become worthy of being called his followers.



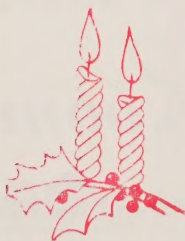
CHRISTMAS NIGHT

White snowflakes are falling this moonlit night
The bright moon shines midst the eve's starlight.
My thoughts take wings to days gone past
O'er a lifetime that's gone, yes much too fast.

This night of nights, as all is still
And the frost is casting out its chill.
I think of my family, at home all alone
While I, being here, for my deeds must atone.

I think of them often while I am here
Especially now during the Christmas cheer.
My thoughts I hope I'm clearly expressing
As I wish them a Christmas with every blessing.

As I reflect on the One that's arisen
Even though I may be in prison,
Peace on Earth — Goodwill to all men,
Merry Christmas to all — from the men in the pen.





1955---1965

THE LORD'S CHILDREN

Rev. G.W. McNeill

As we look forward to Christmas, our minds turn to other years and the things we have associated with Christmas in the past. Shopping for gifts to gladden the hearts of our loved ones, Christmas parties, the glad fellowship when once again the family gathered to wish "Merry Christmas" to each and everyone. And with it all of course to remember again God's gift to mankind in the long ago, the Christ Child born in manger of Bethlehem's Inn.

To the children it is a story old but ever new and it is easy for them to see in fancy the Little Child, the Mother, and Joseph. Wise men with their gifts and camels treading softly though the night, guided by a star. To us who have faced up to life's disappointments and realities it is not always easy to catch the vision of the Star. Cynicism and doubt may dim the music of the Heavenly Hosts who sang of peace and good-will to men, but this old world still needs the vision and the music of the Angel's now, just as it did two thousand years ago.

Christmas will come and Christmas will go, but peace will remain a far-off goal for individuals and nations unless we look beyond the endless struggle for success and the things of life. We must see in Christmas and the Christ Child the promise of better things, a happier world, in which men will follow the Star that was lighted in Bethlehem so many years ago.

God came to earth a little child and God's ways and God's plan no doubt seemed foolish to the Roman Generals and the Roman people. Only a very few of His own recognized the Son of God and the Saviour of men, but the wisdom of statesmen, the plans of generals have yet to suggest a better way. God came to men in the flesh of a little child, with the promise that God is always willing to dwell in Human Flesh.

Look into the face of a little child and see the promise, the potentialities, written there. Son of man, of course, but Son of God too, but that depends on the kind of society, the kind of community, and the kind of world we provide the Little Child.

What have we to offer to the little children? Shall we offer them our fears, our lack of faith in God and man? Shall we offer them our greeds and our hates? Without the music of the Angelic Hosts, without faith in love

Continued on page 23

NODGE - PODGE

My goodness Xmas, with all its good cheer is just about here
One more year has almost run its course.
Us cons sure are looking for bigger and better things in the coming year.
Now the Xmas gift we would appreciate most is Action.
The football season is over for this year.
After the last game you couldn't find a Montrealer in the joint.
I am sure everyone enjoyed the Grey Cup telecast. Thanks to Mr. Juba.
Now we can swing full tilt into the coming hockey season.

Every month the Echo editor has to fight for material.
Could it be that you are a potential contributor?
Hobbyists are looking forward to a busy winter.
Our display room is filled with many fine gifts for all the family.
Every once in a while a funny incident will occur.
Saw an inmate absentmindedly taking his empty tray to work.
Seems like the committee has been getting better movies lately.
This is fine, but not always given proper appreciation.
Our Bible class started in October.
Not everyone is interested but,
You are all welcome.

Maybe we will be curling this winter.
Our older inmates may get something besides cards,
Unless the younger inmates hog the ice.
Now for a bit of poetry.
The inmates bundle is in the Dome.
All his thoughts must be of home.
If he will stop to ponder now and then.
No doubt he will never come back again.
Plenty of musical instruments around.
Everyone likes to see a good Christmas concert.
No time like the present to start thinking about it.

Most of us like to receive mail,
Anybody forget to write home lately?
No one here can say they have no time.

*The snow has drifted softly down,
Like frosting on a cake,
And all is still and peaceful
As we wait for dawn to break.*

*The evening hours were shattered
By the guys who always clown,
But as the dawn approaches
You can hear them settle down.*

*They try to keep us happy here
And we all do our part,
With kindness and brotherhood
Foremost in every heart.*

*But thoughts still stray to loved ones
And a happy joyful scene
Of gifts in sparkling wrappers
And the merry red and green.*

A Christmas In Prison

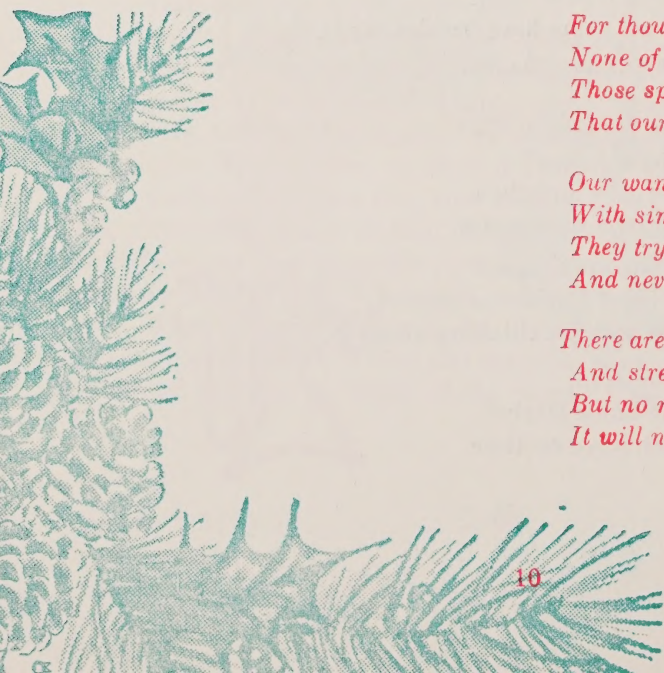
1 9 5 7

*The kid's anticipation
As they gather at the tree;
Their utter fascination
Is so wonderful to see.*

*For though we can't be there today
None of us will e'er forget,
Those special Christmas dinners
That our mothers used to set.*

*Our wants are few and satisfied
With simple things we need,
They try to duplicate them here
And never quite succeed.*

*There are decorated Christmas trees
And streamers in the dome
But no matter how you dress it up,
It will never be a home.*



From - Editor's Korner

Christmas rollin' 'round once more; 'pon man and woman polishin' time still and yet! Ah, Christmas comin' with the giving of material gifts. The tilting of toties and mulling of wines o'er the flaming Yuletide logs. A season whence the children laugh and sing and the adults brim with joy! The question I ask: "What really causes this?"

"Spirit."

It is definitely not bleak and dreary in our home of walls this Anniversary of Christ's Birth. The Progressive Conservative gov't has managed, at least with propaganda and theory, to touch the average Canadian convict. Although a lot of us try to deny this feeling, we have felt at least a little of the action taken since Prime Minister Deifenbaker took the helm of Canadian leadership.

It is quite apparent in this Institution that the offices of the Warden and Deputy-Warden are trying to put their shoulders behind the wheel of the latest Canadian penal reform scheme. The manner in which the Vocational training system is being founded at the Manitoba Penitentiary: we inmates shall no longer in the future have grounds to laugh at the judge who sentences a man to learn a trade in the pen.

A number of correspondence courses and classes have been held out here to approximately the level of grade five for a few years. The greatest factor to date under the new regime is the building of the new garage. In the building, for the first time in the Institution, facilities are being constructed for on the job training. Being built are spacious repair departments, a showroom and most interesting, a classroom. How about it? A classroom in a garage. Very, Very good, I say. Here is definite proof that an inmate shall have the opportunity of learning a mechanical trade.

In the past two years banquets have been held for championship participants of athletic events, complete with cake cutting and speeches. According to talks given by the Warden and Deputy-Warden, they at least attach some importance to these banquets. Believe me they are important, very important!

"Spirit."

What, if not spirit is the most important feature in Christmas? Spirit spawns high morale and can be built on a playing field. We have felt this thing called spirit through victory in arenas of battle. How difficult is

Continued on page 23

SEASON'S GREETING

Eagle,
Alderson, W.V.

The Enchanted News,
Santa Fe, N.M.

The Echo,
Huntsville, Tex.

Encourager,
Michigan City, Ind.

The Eye-Opener,
McAlester, Okla.

Folsom Observer,
Represa, Cal.

The Forum,
Lincoln, Neb.

The Guide Post,
Rizal, Phillpines.

The Harbinger,
Hutchinson, Kan.

Hawkeye,
Anamosa, Iowa.

Hill Top News,
Iona, Mich.

Inside Bordentown,
Bordentoun, N.J.

The Inside World,
Parchman, Miss.

Island Lantern,
Steilacoom, Wash.

B.C. Transition,
New Westminster, B.C.

The Beacon,
Dorchester, N.B.

C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ont.

Joyceville Journal,
Kingston, Ont.

The Pathfinder,
Prince Albert, Sask.

Pen-O-Rama,
St. Vincent de Paul, P.Q.

Reversing Falls Review,
Lancaster, N.B.

The Telescope,
Kingston, Ont.

Agenda,
Walla Walla, Wash.

Agricola,
London, Ohio.

The Anglete,
Angola, Lo.

Atlantian,
Atlanta, Ga.

The Bay Banner,
Green Bay, Wis.

The Clock,
Boise, Idaho.

PENAL EXCHANGE

Lake Shore Outlook,
Michigan City, Ind.

Lanedale Newsy News,
Rockwell City, Iowa.

M P. News,
Deer Lodge, Mont.

Merid Times,
Menard, Ill.

Mentor,
South Walpole Mass

Monthly Record,
Wethersfield, Conn.

The New Day,
Mansfield, Ohio.

The New Era,
Leaveworth, Ka.

The Outlook,
El Reno, Ok.

Paahao Press,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

Pathfinder Staff,
Dwight, Ill.

The Presid of
Fort Madison, Iowa.

The Prison Mirror,
Stillwater, Minn.

The Kilby Sun,
Montgomery Ala.

The Reformatory Pillar,
St. Cloud, Minn.

The Sagebrush,
Carson City, Nev.

San Quentin News,
San Quentin, Cal.

Santa Rita Rehabilitation Centre,
Pleasantown, Cal.

The Seagozette,
Seagoville, Texas

The Skytower News,
LaGrange, Kentucky

Spectator,
Jackson, Mich.

The Spokesman,
Rieds-ville, Ga.

Recount,
Canon City, Col.

The Reflector,
Pendleton, Ind.

Raiford Record,
Raiford, Fla.

The Courier,
Baltimore, Maryland.

The Corrector,
Chicago, Ill.

Jefftown Journal,
Jefferson City, Miss.

From - Letter to the Editor

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot"

Dear Mr. Editor,

I've never written a fan letter before, but I just had to let you know how much we enjoy your magazine, "Mountain Echoes." My brother was kind enough to send it to me and we look forward to it with pleasure each month. When I say "we" I mean myself and the other seventeen patients on this flat, plus the nurses and attendants who snatch it up when they have a spare minute.

I think we enjoy it especially as we have something in common with you fellows in your "Walled-Off Astoria," (whoever thought to call it that?) We really got a kick out of the expression, very clever! Being shut-ins, like you, we feel we have some small idea of what it is like up there and also have a better understanding of your articles in the Mountain Echoes.

Our "number one boy" is Pat Saito. His articles are tops! And contrary to his belief (Sept. issue) he has more than two readers, in fact we are eighteen strong and a half-dozen or so more. Does that make you feel better Pat?

Tony Anthony is another favorite. We enjoy his contributions ever so much as he writes with so much feeling. "Slippery Sam" is a ways good for a laugh and never fails to amuse us. We like his style and off-beat English. Also we thoroughly enjoy the articles by Jim Elk.

Wouldn't miss the Sports Page, the A. A. or the jokes. In fact we like every part of your magazine and we have no bells, just one great big bouquet! In closing, many thanks for the reading pleasure to your magazine all continued success, to each and every one of you fellows, all the best and we'll remember you in our prayers.

Yours Sincerely

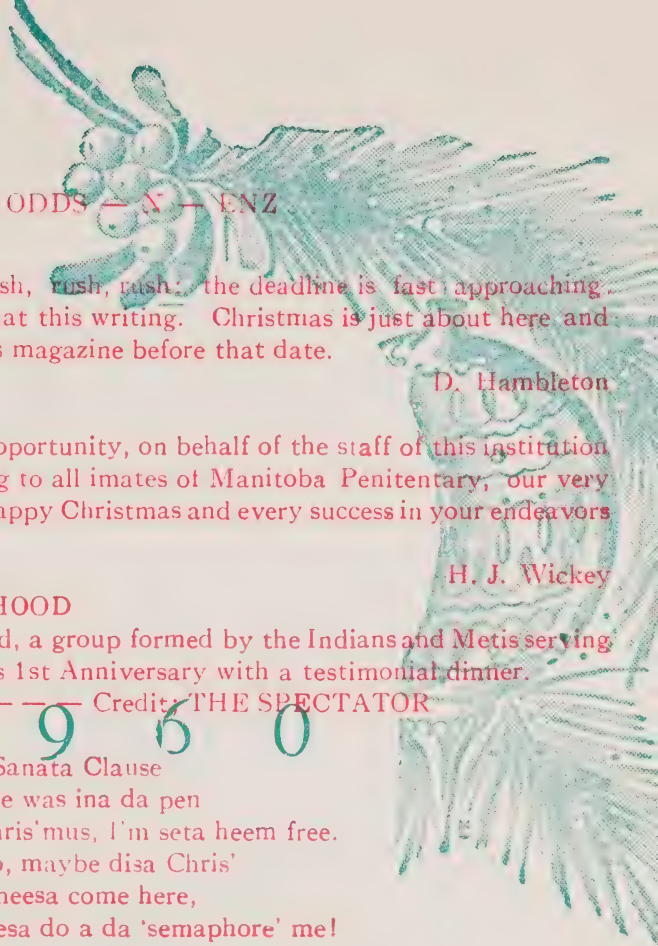
(Mrs.) Randi Villiers

P.S. A Merry Christmas to all, and may the New Year bring you all your hearts desire.

Dear Friends Who Re all Randi:

May we, the staff of the Mountain Echoes extend to you, at this time, a renewed vote of thanks for this encouragement which is echoed over the years. We hope that our efforts still meet with your approval. We do have a common ground at that. May you never lose your wonderful out-

Continued on page 23



ODDS — N — ENZ

EDITORIAL

Hurry, hurry, hurry, rush, rush, rush: the deadline is fast approaching. That's the Echoes shop at this writing. Christmas is just about here and we would like to see this magazine before that date.

D. Hambleton

DEPUTY WARDEN

May I again take the opportunity, on behalf of the staff of this institution and myself, of extending to all inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, our very best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and every success in your endeavors during the coming year.

H. J. Wickey

NATIVE BROTHERHOOD

The Native Brotherhood, a group formed by the Indians and Metis serving time here, celebrated its 1st Anniversary with a testimonial dinner.

INSIDE CHATTER — — — Credit: THE SPECTATOR

A recitation by Tony..

Eefa Sanata Clause

He was ina da pen

On Chris'mus, I'm seta heem free.

So, maybe disa Chris'

When heesa come here,

Heesa do a da 'semaphore' me!

DEAR EDITOR

Here I sit in the jailhouse,

I ain't got the ghost of a chance;

The future looks BAD!! Should be glad?!

I still got the seat in my pants!!!

Slipshod Sam

IT SEEMS TO ME

.... that here we are with Xmas again knocking at the door. From all reports Davie Fulton has come to life with some little old gifts for us'ns, namely more time out of our cells, more visits and letters per month. As of the writing of this column there has been nothing done as yet. But if the great White Father in Ottawa comes up with the much needed changes, I expect to hear the many exponents of Prison Country Clubs really start to rant and rave. I would think the best cure for this type of person would be a deuce in one of these "Country Clubs."

~~~~~  
.... Parole, Parole, where for art thou, Parole? ....

# HAPPY NEW YEAR

## CHRISTY BROWN

Christmas morning, 1960. I stepped rather groggily from my drum on "M" block, and headed for my morning coffee. As I passed the cell owned by one Blarney Stone, I heard the sounds of a person being violently sick. "What's the matter Blarney?" I cracked, "Can't you shake it no more?"

"You've just about got that right!" groaned Blarney, "them nit-wits hollered and sung and generally raised hell until six this morning. I didn't get no sleep, and now my guts are on the blink."

"Well, you ain't seen nothin' yet," I shot back at him, "Wait 'til New Years Eve!" As I walked away, I heard him mutter; "There's got to be a way I can stop them. There must be!"

Huh! I said to myself; Impossible! Making noise on Christmas and New Years Eve is something that's done in all Canadian penitentiaries. Nothing can stop it: Warden's court, the hole, loss of privileges; all have been tried at one time or another, but nothing has changed. The cons still whoop it up.

By Tuesday the prison routine was back to normal, and on Wednesday Blarney came up to me and said that he had figured a way to dummy up the entire block on New Years Eve. I could just imagine Blarney trying to punch out one hundred and two guys, and I laughed right in his face, but he assured me that he could do it, and some of the humor left the situation, because Blarney is known to have pulled off some pretty rugged plays; maybe he could even... Naw! Hell No! Can't be done.

Well, to make a long story short, M block was fairly normal up until midnight when the con in the radio room crowed, "Happy New Year!" or some dumb thing, and with that, bedlam broke loose. The two top tiers of M block house mostly young married guys in their early twenties, and the Elvis's and Little Richards among them picked up their guitars and cut loose at full lung capacity. The French cons were giving out with Alouette and other unfamiliar ditties; those possessing record players turned them up full blast; others pounded their cell cots on the floor, or banged on cans, and all this combined produced an overwhelming cataract of sound.

If Blarney can stop this racket, he's a genius I thought to myself. I think it was about 5 after 12 when I first heard him singing. It was faint but gradually he could be heard clearer. The Rock'n Rollers quietened down

*Continued on page 23*

# STUBBED HIS TOE

James W Foley

Did you ever pass a youngster - that had gone and stubbed his toe,  
And was cryin' by the roadside - sort of lonesome like and slow,  
A-holdin' of his dusty foot - all hard and brown and bare,  
And tryin' to keep from his eyes - the tears that's gathering there?  
You hear him sort of sobbin' like - and snuffin' of his nose,  
You stop and pat him on the head - and someway try to ease his woes,  
You treat him sort of kindlike - and the first thing that you know,  
He's up and off and runnin' - clean forgot he stubbed his toe;  
He was makin' swimmin' headway - but bumped into a stone,  
And his friends kept hurryin' onward - and they left him there alone;  
He ain't sobbin' and ain't sniffin' - he's too old for tears and crying',  
But he's grievin' just as earnest - if it only comes in sighsing,  
And it does a heap of good sometimes - to go a little slow,  
To say a word of comfort to - the man that's stubbed his toe.  
You're never sure yourself - there ain't no earthly way to know,  
Just when it's goin' to come your time - to trip and stub your toe;  
Today, you're smilin' happy in - the bright sun's heat and glow'  
Tomorrow you're a-shiverin' as - you're trudgin' through the snow.  
Just when you think you've got the world - the fastest in your grip,  
Is the very time you'll find - that you're likeliest to slip;  
And it's mighty comfortin' to have - some fellow stop, I know,  
And speak to you and kind of help you - when you've stubbed your toe.



# THINGS I WISH I HADN'T SAID

BOB TALBOT

Your sober, take the car!  
Okay wise guy, you start it!  
I'll work a month for nothing, just to prove myself!  
You take the short, fat one!  
John, this is my wife, Marsha!  
Here, hang on to my watch and wallet!  
Answer the door Joe, it looks like the waterman!  
The jockey is a friend of mine!  
Sure I'll come along, I ain't done nuthin'!

1 9



6 3

Don't you know, three's a crowd!  
Let me see those dice!  
You take the money in your car, and we'll meet at the hide-out!  
**Could you direct me to the cheque cashier?**  
Constable, could you recommend an inexpensive hotel?  
Make mine a double!  
Much more of this guy, and I'll go out of my mind!  
It's like taking candy from a baby!  
You win boss, but don't forget, I won't be here forever!



# QUESTION

E. T. Van Dusen



What do we gain from the life we live  
And do we gain more than we give  
Why must we grope to seek and find  
The long lost things we've left behind  
A thing to ponder  
A worldly wonder

## 1 9 6 4

## AN ODE TO A FRIEND

Anonymous

I think that I shall never see  
The Pack of smokes I loaned to thee  
The pack that I could well have spent  
For varied forms of merriment.  
The pack I loaned to you so gladly  
The one that I now need so badly -  
For whose return I had great hope  
Like any other optimistic dope -  
But packs one loans to fools like thee  
Are not returned to fools like me.



# MOUNTAIN ECHOES MESSAGE

'Peace on earth 'to men of good will' are words that ring through the ages from the lips of all men of every nation, for what man does not feel that he is a 'man of good will?'

Today we see discriminations and reprisals on every hand all in the name of peace by men of goodwill. Our decade of Mountain Echoe's reprints bears this message in some form in every issue. Who is practicing goodwill? What manner of men are they?

Every man who stops long enough to consider his fellow man is a man of good will. The judge who deliberates carefully, weighing the evidence searching for the reasons, unseen and unrepresented materials, before passing judgement, is a man practicing good will. The law enforcer who shows sincere interest in an old, ragged and tattered derelict, found in a gutter or a back ally and brings him comfort, is spreading good will. He becomes the very essence of the phrase 'good will rather than the role of an unfeeling and bullying god, so often depicted by those who experience association with him also his chief complaint public feeling in aiding him in his efforts at performing the duties he was hired for.

The man who stops to reason and so avoids robbing or molesting a defenceless or unsuspecting individual is also showing good will.

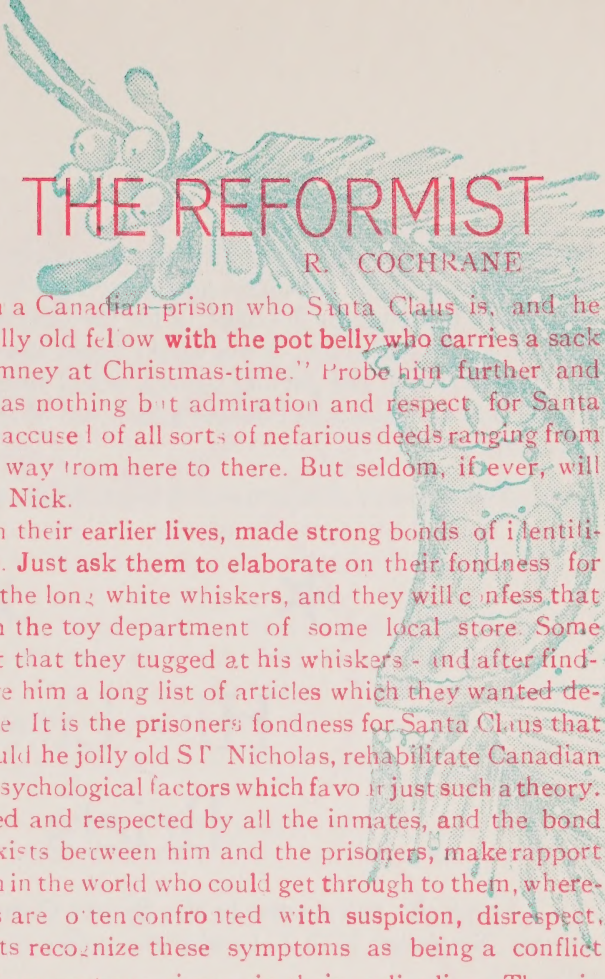
The selfish who stop to offer a helping hand are putting into act the verbal phrase good will.

Thus all men have been men of good will at one time or another in one way or another. Why then is there not peace on earth?

Why? Could it be because rather than practicing as 'men of good will' we have all too often been practicing as 'men of selfish good will?'

NOEL





# SANTA THE REFORMIST

R. COCHRANE

Ask any inmate in a Canadian prison who Santa Claus is, and he will tell you, "he's the jolly old fellow **with the pot belly** who carries a sack full of loot down the chimney at Christmas-time." Probe him further and you'll discover that he has nothing but admiration and respect for Santa Claus. Prisoners may be accused of all sorts of nefarious deeds ranging from this and that and all the way from here to there. But seldom, if ever, will they knock jolly old St. Nick.

Most prisoners, in their earlier lives, made strong bonds of identification with Santa Claus. **Just ask them to elaborate** on their fondness for the jolly old fellow with the long white whiskers, and they will confess that they sat upon his knee in the toy department of some local store. Some will go so far as to admit that they tugged at his whiskers - and after finding them bona-fide - gave him a long list of articles which they wanted delivered at Christmas-time. It is the prisoners' fondness for Santa Claus that causes me to wonder, could he jolly old St. Nicholas, rehabilitate Canadian prisoners? Consider the psychological factors which favor just such a theory.

Santa Claus is liked and respected by all the inmates, and the bond of identification which exists between him and the prisoners, make rapport ideal. He is the one person in the world who could get through to them, whereas the prison authorities are often confronted with suspicion, disrespect, and hostility. Psychologists recognize these symptoms as being a conflict with authority, arising from past experiences in their earlier lives. Thus, in treating the problem, the essential factor becomes one of re-identification towards authority. Therefore, the prison authorities have to present themselves in a manner which promotes the highest respect. They have to break down the mistrust, hostility and unfavorable image which psychologists say the prisoner carries in his mind. Who else could do the job better than Santa Claus himself?

Can you just visualize jolly old St. Nick as the warden of a penitentiary? Imagine, his robust HO! HO! HO! as you entered his courtroom on an infraction of the rules and regulations. An electric train would be zip-ping around the room, and Santa, with a merry twinkle in his eye, would

## SANTA THE REFORMIST

Concluded

beckon you over to his chair. Perhaps you might hop on his knee and give his whiskers a tug or two. You might even get to talk him out of half the loot which is always in the bag. As for the infraction of rules and regulations, it's a mortal cinch, Santa would forget the whole matter with a hearty, HO! HO! HO! His parting remark would surely be, "Now my son, be a good boy and Santa will deliver a sack full of toys to your cell on Christmas Eve."

And a Merry Christmas and Good Night to All.



## Hi - Lite Briefs

Prosperity and success to the Sports Committee. The popcorn a la cinema November 11th A-1; also the coffee during evening lock up of same day.

Better muscles to the not so successful weight lifting contestants, Nov. 6th. Hope to have some pictures of the winning muscles early in the New Year.

Hats off to guest M. C. Red Alex of C.J.O.B., and the usual concert-eers, they never let us down.

A salute to the Drama Club in their first truly professional presentation, "Arsenic and Old Lace"

It is hoped that the first issue in the New Year will carry a number of pictures of the various entertainments and sports up to the time of publication, also full detailed reports of same.



## LORD'S CHILDREN, The

Cont. from page 8

and goodness and the power of God will we ever face up to our responsibilities. Will we ever provide the kind of world which little children will have their opportunity to grow as the Christ Child grew, in favor with God and man? Sons of men, certainly, but the vision of Christmas is also of each little child as the child and Son of God, and we alone in our individual lives can bring that vision to reality.

## FROM — EDITOR'S KORNER

Cont. from page 11

it to build spirit in a human being through classroom and garage facilities? Will the P.C.'s and Penitentiaries Commission overlook idealism and enlightening a convict on why he should become successful in the trade he has been taught after his release,

The question I ask; "Will the present penal reform flop?" "Will a man be supplied a trade and not told why he should rehabilitate himself?

Should this happen' "Then we have given the Canadian convict a Christmas without the Spirit that makes Christmas."

## FROM — LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Cont. from page 14

look on life and its problematic phases. Please accept also our Best Wishes for this coming Festive Season and may the New Year hold nothing but the best for you and yours.

Yours truly  
Mountain Echoes Staff

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

Cont. from page 16

to hear what the unknown vocalist was singing, the can pounders hesitated, hoping to pick up the rhyme of the new song; those shouting paused, and in that pause comparable to the stillness in the eye of a hurricane, old Blarney could be heard loud and clear singing a very familiar tune.

By the time he had sung through twice, you could have heard a mouse spit on cotton.

Well, that's the story, and you know, I don't think I've heard "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," sung better,



HAPPY



NEW



YEAR

